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Saint Etienne "Last Orders For Gary Stead"

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Tempers fraying in the Hat and Fan Gets so hot in there even in November Heated words from slicked back hair It's too small a world for some people to share

Now Gary stares at an empty chair Told her "Five or ten" And he'd join her out there Not again, she's not going in, she just sighs

It's only half nine, there's time Time for drinking And still more time Till he gets to thinking of her

She's in two minds Maybe she'll board up her door He's into pints And that's how it goes

It's guaranteed he's a funny man You can bet your life that he'll bring the house down Always plays such a winning hand He just cools it down, they should Knight him for it

But outside, his former wife starts a solo drive She's so tired of waiting When he crawls in Will she give him a surprise?

It's only half nine, there's time Time for drinking And still more time Till he gets to thinking of her

She's in two minds Maybe she'll board up her door He's into pints And that's how it goes

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